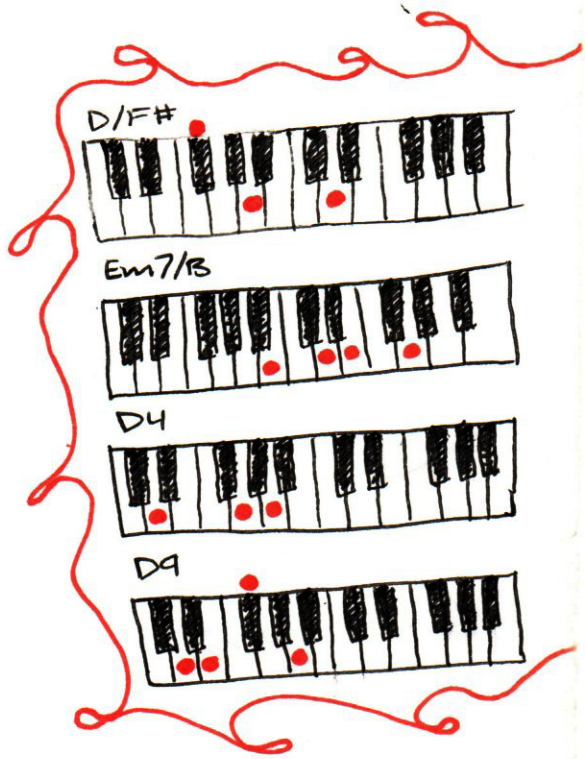
American Pie - Don McLean

G C Em
A long, long time ago...
Am Em
I can still remember
How that C music used to make me D smile. (D9-D-D4-D)
And G I C knew if I had my Em chance
That Am I could make those Em people dance
And, Em maybe, they'd be C happy for a D while.



But G february C made Em me shiver
With Am every paper I'd Em deliver.
Bad Em news C on the doorstep; D
I C couldn't take one D more step.

I G can't D/F# remember if Em I cried
When I Am read about his C widowed bride,
But G something D/F# touched me Em deep inside
The C day the D music G died.

CHORUS
So G bye-C bye, miss G american D pie.
Drove my G chevy to the C levee,
But the G levee was D dry.
And them G good old C boys were drinkin' G whiskey and D rye
Singin', "Em this'll be the day that I A7 die.
"Em this'll be the day that I D die." (D9-D-D4-D-D9-D)

G Did D/F# you write the Em book of love,
And do Am you have faith in C God above,
If the Bible Em tells you D so? (D4-D-D9-D)
Do G you D/F# believe in Em rock 'n roll,
Can Am music save C your mortal soul,
And Em can you teach me C how to dance D real slow?

Well, I Em know that you're in D love with him

`cause I saw you dancin' in the gym.
You both kicked off your shoes.
Man, I dig those rhythm and blues.

I was a lonely teenage broncin' buck
With a pink carnation and a pickup truck,
But I knew I was out of luck
The day the music died.

CHORUS
I started singin',
"bye-bye, miss american pie."
Drove my chevy to the levee,
But the levee was dry.
Them good old boys were drinkin' whiskey and rye
And singin', "this'll be the day that I die.
"this'll be the day that I die." (D9-D-D4-D-D9-D)

Now for ten years we've been on our own
And moss grows fat on a rollin' stone,
But that's not how it used to be. (D4-D-D9-D)
When the jester sang for the king and queen,
In a coat he borrowed from james dean
And a voice that came from you and me,

Oh, and while the king was looking down,
The jester stole his thorny crown.
The courtroom was adjourned;
No verdict was returned.
And while lennon read a book of marx,
The quartet practiced in the park,
And we sang dirges in the dark
The day the music died.

CHORUS
We were singing,
"bye-bye, miss american pie."
Drove my chevy to the levee,
But the levee was dry.
Them good old boys were drinkin' whiskey and rye
And singin', "this'll be the day that I die.
"this'll be the day that I die." (D9-D-DU-D-D9-D)

Helter skelter in a summer swelter.
The birds flew off with a fallout shelter,
Eight miles high and falling fast.
It landed foul on the grass.
The players tried for a forward pass,
With the jester on the sidelines in a cast.

Now the half-time air was sweet perfume
While the sergeants played a marching tune.
We all got up to dance,
Oh, but we never got the chance!
`cause the players tried to take the field;
The marching band refused to yield.
Do you recall what was revealed
The day the music died?

CHORUS
We started singing,
"bye-bye, miss american pie."
Drove my chevy to the levee,
But the levee was dry.
Them good old boys were drinkin' whiskey and rye
And singin', "this'll be the day that I die.
"this'll be the day that I die." (D9-D-DU-D-D9-D)

Oh, and there we were all in one place,
A generation lost in space
With no time left to start again. (D4-D-D9-D)
So come on: jack be nimble, jack be quick!
Jack flash sat on a candlestick
Cause fire is the devil's only friend.

Oh, and as I watched him on the stage
My hands were clenched in fists of rage.
No angel born in hell
Could break that satan's spell.
And as the flames climbed high into the night
To light the sacrificial rite,
I saw satan laughing with delight
The day the music died

CHORUS
He was singing,
"bye-bye, miss american pie."
Drove my chevy to the levee,
But the levee was dry.
Them good old boys were drinkin' whiskey and rye
And singin', "this'll be the day that I die.
"this'll be the day that I die."

I met a girl who sang the blues
And I asked her for some happy news,
But she just smiled and turned away. (D4-D-D9-D)
I went down to the sacred store
Where I'd heard the music years before,
But the man there said the music wouldn't play.

Em D
And in the streets: the children screamed,
Em D
The lovers cried, and the poets dreamed.
C Em7/B Am
But not a word was spoken;
C D
The church bells all were broken.
G D/F# Em
And the three men I admire most:
Am C
The father, son, and the holy ghost,
G D/F# Em
They caught the last train for the coast
C D G
The day the music died.

CHORUS
And they were singing,
G C G D
"bye-bye, miss american pie."
G C
Drove my chevy to the levee,
G D
But the levee was dry.
G C G
And them good old boys were drinkin' whiskey and rye
Em A7
Singin', "this'll be the day that I die.
Em D (D9-D-D4-D-D9-D)
"this'll be the day that I die."

They were singing,
G C G D
"bye-bye, miss american pie."
G C
Drove my chevy to the levee,
G D
But the levee was dry.
G C G
Them good old boys were drinkin' whiskey and rye
C D G-C-G
Singin', "this'll be the day that I die."